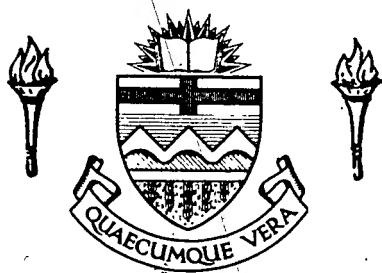


# An Anthology *of* Y. C. Verse

BY MEMBERS  
*of the*  
YOUNG  
CO-OPERATORS'  
CLUB

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# An Anthology of Y. C. Verse

A VOLUME OF SELECTIONS FROM THE VERSE  
CONTRIBUTED BY THE YOUNG CO-OPER-  
ATORS AND PUBLISHED IN THE  
WESTERN PRODUCER  
FROM 1932 to 1936



*Arranged under the year of first publication*

*Raise the world from sin and shame  
Gladden all humanity,  
Cleanse us with thy dancing flame  
Poetry, oh Poetry!*

—Mac Moir.



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## Foreword

*This selection from a large body of verse, written by youthful contributors to The Western Producer's Young Co-operators' Club, and published in that paper at intervals throughout 1932 to 1936, is not offered to the public as a collection of masterpieces in the field of poetry. Nor, on the other hand, is it considered necessary to remind readers, in apologetic tone, of the limitations under which these young prairie writers labor, and bespeak special consideration on that ground.*

*The standard of excellence attained, and the variety, both of thought and expression shown, makes it desirable that some permanent recognition should be given to their work which, in many cases, rises near to the confines of true poetry and, in all, compares creditably with the general level of occasional verse.*

*That this Anthology will be welcomed by a large body of readers, not confined to the prairies or even to Canada, is evident from the many spontaneous tributes paid at various times to the verse which has appeared in the Y. C. Poets' Corner.*

*Like all the activities of the Young Co-operators, the idea of making this Anthology originated with one of the young members of the Club, and has been carried out with a minimum of guidance from*

THE EDITORS.





# 1932 Verse



BETTY DOUGLAS

Poet Laureate for the year  
1932-1933

*Sing us a song, oh Trapper,  
Of the snow-covered trails you know,  
A song of the lights that dance o' nights  
In the land of darkness and snow.*

## A SONG OF THE TRAPPER

Oh, you who trap the wild things  
In the gloom of the dusky day,  
Sing us a song e'er the night be gone  
And your visions are driven away.

Sing us a song, oh, Trapper,  
Of the snow-covered trails you know,  
A song of the lights that dance o' nights,  
In the land of darkness and snow.

Sing us a song of the grey wolf  
Who howls on the heights alone,  
Sing of the fear of the hunted deer,  
Does the grey pack make no moan?

Sing us a song of the darkness,  
And night without the stars,  
Of the snows that sift and slide and drift,  
There's death in those drifting bars.

Sing us the song, oh, Trapper,  
The moon dogs sing to the stars,  
A song that is lost in the cracking frost,  
And the north lights whispering bars.

—Betty Douglas.

## YOU CALLED

You called across the years  
And made me strong,  
To face again with courage new  
Each tempting wrong.

You called and I made answer  
Glad and gay,  
Our spirits met to cling again,  
As yesterday.

You called and darkness fell away  
Like mist before the wind,  
No longer was my troubled soul  
All darkly blind.

You called across the years  
When faith was low,  
You bade me mend life's broken thread  
And onward go.

—Betty Douglas.

## THE GLEANER

I've wandered so very far,  
To gather all the sunbeams' gold,  
The dream-sprayed powder of a star,  
And moon-glow, shining white and cold.  
With joyous hands I've stooped and gleaned  
Star straws upon the milky way,  
I've sung whene'er the rainbow leaned  
Against the sky her rich array.

The rest I glean is chaff and dust,  
The common things in sober dyes,  
I gather them because I must,  
They have small value in my eyes.  
But these, that all who seek may find,  
They are the food that feeds the mind.

—Margaret Rutherford.

## REMEMBRANCE DAY

Oh, we are ever blown about by many loves,  
We woo the white-armed Peace a little while,  
And leaving her when some new impulse moves,  
We feel the warmth of battle's red-lipped smile.  
Oh we are turned to many gods and creeds,  
We worship angels, pure and free from lust,  
But when the God of War comes stridingly  
We fall, we fawn and grovel in the dust.

I build new fancies with a dreamer's hand,  
I fashion an Elysium in sand,  
But 'tis my dream the day will sometime dawn  
When love will be the grain and love the yield,  
When Earth shall plant with hands in friendship bound,  
A garden fair and not a battlefield.

—Margaret Rutherford.

## FLOWERS

The winds went swishing through the dale  
And bent the stately grasses down,  
They swayed the lilies of the vale,  
The flowers upon the hill-top's crown.  
They caught a violet's perfume up  
And wafted it adown the way,  
The odor of a summer's day  
Refreshed the room where I did sup.

The larkspur and the crocus bell  
Are sweet'ning all the world today,  
In yonder lovely, hidden dell  
Beside the pool, I see them stray;  
The bluebell and the dogwood flower,  
The lily and the daisy sweet,  
Do everywhere my glances meet  
And fill my nostrils every hour.

The hawthorn and the crimson rose,  
The shooting star and violet blue,  
Their scent down every wayside flows—  
'Tis morn and they are wet with dew.  
But when the dew has taken flight  
And noon oppresses all the bower,  
A scent will flow from every flower  
As sweet as in the morning light.

Through all the golden afternoon  
They will intoxicate the air,  
When heat has hushed the songster's tune  
The music of that perfume rare  
Will give delight to passers-by,  
Will cheer the sad and rouse the sick,  
Will wanton round the maiden's cheek  
To charm her lover's heart and eye.

Perchance some man with spirit mild  
Will paint their praise in glowing song,  
Perchance some roving, wayward child  
Will feel their charm and cherish long  
Through all his distant after-years  
A thought of beauty and a charm,  
Will see their myriad colors warm  
And muse on days of old with tears.

FLOWERS—*continued*

Oh! Flowers, I have loved you well,  
Have heard you speak a flow'ry tongue,  
Have hearkened to the mild bluebell  
And fancied that it sweetly rung.  
Have watched you springing from the sod,  
Watched all your thousand moves and sighs  
Until to my enraptured eyes  
It seemed that you came straight from God.  
—*Mac Moir.*

## HER HAZEL EYES

The memory of her hazel eyes  
Enwraps me like a cloud,  
Where'er I go they seem to rise—  
The softness of her hazel eyes  
Bemeeks my spirit proud.

In former days I roamed untamed  
And knew the wildest deeps  
Of vice and folly, unashamed  
To wildest heights my passion flamed,  
But now my passion sleeps.

I gazed into her guileless eyes,  
I listened to her voice;  
Bondage before I did despise,  
But since envassaled by her eyes  
In bondage I rejoice.

In gentleness I now delight  
Because I realize,  
(Since I have seen its restful light)  
To what a form, and what a height,  
Can gentleness arise.

—*Mac Moir.*

## ENCHANTMENT

'Twas not the snow deep at my feet  
That made my heart throb louder,  
It was the blue that arched the sky,  
The clouds that looked like powder.

'Twas not the breeze that brushed my cheek,  
That made my lips smile sweeter,  
It was the stars that glittered bright,  
The moon that clouds made weaker.

'Twas not because the night was cool  
That my whole soul grew gladder,  
It was the mighty heavens bright,  
And they, indeed, seemed sadder.

'Twas not the snow, the breeze, the earth,  
That made my life look brighter,  
No! It was just a moonlit night  
And so my heart beat lighter.

—*Frieda Claus.*

## NIGHT SOUNDS

All is quiet, not a sound stirs the air,  
The dark, vast prairies look gloomy and bare,  
Then suddenly, through the dim fields of the night,  
Comes a weird haunting sound from an abyss of height.

All is peace—yet the wild beasts go slinking there  
With dark, evil eyes and long, shaggy hair,  
And despairingly, through the dim fields of the night,  
Comes a weird, snarling sound from the coyotes at fight.

All is quiet, no birds are astir in the air,  
The tall, dark trees stand and glower and stare,  
Then harshly, across the dim fields of the night  
Comes a weird, haunting sound from the owls out of sight.

All is peace, there is only one sound in the air,  
A sound that is mystical, poignant, not rare,  
For mysteriously, through the dim fields of the night  
Comes the weird, whisp'ring sound of the breezes in flight.

—*Frieda Claus.*

## THE OLD DUTCH CLOCK

List! Hear the tick of the beating clock,  
Tick tock, tick tock, tick, tick tock,  
Tick, tock, tick—how even is its flow,  
List how the minutes go, go, go.

Tick, tock, tick in my cosy little room,  
Tick, tock, tick, in the swiftly gathering gloom.  
Tick, tock, tick tock, tock, little clock,  
Tick tock, tick tock, tick—hear me mock!

Tick, tock, tick, hear the song that goes  
In a tick, tick, ticking, tocking rhyme that flows,  
With the beat, beat, beat, of my softly tapping feet,  
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tock,  
Keeping to the time of the old Dutch clock.

List! above the kettle's hum, hum, hum,  
How the voices of the crickets come, come, come,  
And yield to the methodical tick, tick, tock,  
Of the beating of the common little old Dutch clock.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, nod—nod—hum,  
With a chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, the crickets come,  
Creak, creak, creak, adds my rocking chair  
To the beat, beat, beat, of the rhyming air.

Nod-nod-nod-nod, doze-doze-doze,  
And high above them all the old clock goes  
A-tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick tock,  
Oh, list to the ticking of the old Dutch clock!

— Kathleen Jarvis.

## RHAPSODY OF STARS

Stars,  
Tumbling stars,  
Tossing, gleaming,  
Frosty, beaming,  
Saucy, naughty, laughing, dreaming,  
Wild and lovely—  
Stars.

Falling in ornate succession,  
Into dewy-robed recession,  
Show'ring gladness,  
Tinged with madness,  
Sparkling, flashing,  
Wild and dashing,  
Shooting, crashing,  
Tinkling, flashing,  
Mad—reckless—romping  
Stars.

Dawn.  
And the night has gone,  
To carry on  
Her melody;  
But  
Within my heart  
Remains a part  
Of her  
Rhapsody of stars.

— Kathleen Jarvis.

## SEPTEMBER

When the skies are pearly gray,  
And the world is dressed so gay,  
Peace and joy fills every day,  
That's September.

When the grain is all drawn in,  
And stacked right full in every bin,  
Then the leisure days begin,  
That's September.

Then their voices full of praise,  
To the Lord the people raise,  
For He gave the golden days  
Of September.

— Mary Gisco.



## JOLLY THRESHERS

We work all day from dawn to dark  
In weather bright or dreary,  
In dust or heat, in rain or snow,  
We work on, gay and cheery.  
For we're a jolly threshing crew,  
Our services we're giving,  
Unto the man that hired us, so  
That we may earn a living.

For fear that we may shrink or quail  
Before the weather's blast,  
We sing with heart and soul and voice  
To keep our spirits fast.  
So when our hands are numbed with cold  
And we're chilled to the core,  
Above the howl of northern winds  
Our lusty voices roar.

In deepest bass a white-haired Swede  
His native forest praises,  
How sweet is Louis Duval's voice  
When "Marseillaise" he raises.  
Hear Jakob croon a courting song  
In his dear native Fries,  
While Aksel Nielsen's tenor true  
Sings Danish melodies.

Without restraint a German shouts  
The stirring "Wacht Am Rhine;"  
And at his side a sturdy Scot  
Rehearses "Auld Lang Syne";  
In every tongue and voice we fill  
The air with sounds of beauty  
But all the while we tend our work  
And gladly do our duty.

Though we are mostly foreigners,  
And you know naught about us,  
Let him deny the fact who will,  
You cannot do without us.  
We're just a bunch of working men,  
And we've no education,  
But still we pride ourselves that we  
Have helped to build this nation.

—Walter Schowalter.

## OUR FIDDLER

He ain't much good at workin',  
Jest looks around all day,  
He never plants much wheat  
Nor ever cuts much hay.

He never made a campaign speech  
And hardly ever votes,  
And all the money that he knows  
Is plain one dollar notes.

Don't say a word in meetin'  
Don't talk much on the street,  
But you just get around him  
And shuffle with your feet.

Just tell him that there is a dance  
Up over the school way,  
An' that you're sent to ask him  
If he would come and play.

And then you'll see that fellow  
Knows how to walk a chalk,  
Jest puts some rosin on his bow  
And makes that fiddle talk.

—*Ethroe Francis.*

## GRANNY

Sitting by the fire so bright,  
Granny with her hair so white,  
Knitting quietly as her mind  
Wanders back through long years kind.

Now she sees herself a girl  
With laughing eyes and hair a-curl,  
Picking daisies in a field  
Where the trees their harvest yield.

She sees her parents, kind and true,  
Helping her all childhood through,  
Playmates, brothers, sisters, all  
Answer to her mind's soft call.

Back from memory; as she sits  
By the fire and slowly knits,  
She looks around with happy smile  
And thinks it's all been worth the while.

—*Mazine Grubb.*

## MILKING SONG

So, bossy, so!  
Be quiet, do.  
I'm milking you,  
Be quiet, do.

Out, flies, away,  
Keep off, I say!  
I wish that tail  
A mile away!

Keep your foot still.  
I swear you will  
Make an awful spill,  
So do be still.

So, bossy, so!  
Be quiet, do!  
So, bossy, so,  
I'm milking you.

—*Mabel Brandow.*

## YOUTH

There upon the wind-swept hill,  
Youth in all his glory stands,  
Raptly gazing, hushed and still,  
Down upon life's gleaming strands.

Wondrous figure, strong and clear,  
Bold against the sunlit skies,  
Gaily dare the waves between  
Life's wild shores, where danger lies!

Tawny head uplifted high,  
Fluttering gold, and red and white,  
Dreamy lights in amber eyes  
Challenging for truth and right.

Gentle shepherd, guide his way  
O'er the waves; and keep alight  
Dreams in him that hidden lay,  
To flame victorious in the fight.

—*Ruth M. Frei.*

## I LOVE TO GO

I love to go and sit amidst  
The scenes we loved when we were kids,  
And think upon the joyful tricks,  
The tricks we played when we were kids.

Tim and I and Bob and Spud,  
Were playing hard out in the mud,  
The school bell rang, far, far away,  
We never heard it in our play.

Till Tim, with eyes upon the sun,  
Says, "Boys, I think we'd better run,"  
Bob, Spud and I, still hard at play,  
Said, "Aw, let's stay till end of day."

Our ships did fight and proudly sail,  
Sails spread full wide upon a nail,  
Our forts and houses shapeless built  
Saw scenes where pirate blood was spilt.

Our rivers deep were filled with ships,  
Whose holds were packed up to the tips,  
The trains that puffed across the sands  
Were made and pulled by boyish hands.

Now those dear days are gone for aye,  
No more we hide and truant play,  
And those dear rocks upon the shore,  
See small boys' ships and forts no more.

—Edwin Johnstone.

# 1933 Verse



MAC MOIR

Poet Laureate for the year  
1933-1934

*What if the perfect rose should disappear?  
Its fleeting sweetness makes it still more dear.  
Today is ours! 'Tis throbbing ecstasy,  
So till tomorrow comes—oh, ask not me!*

## TO POETRY

Lilt and sing and dance and play,  
Thrill the heart with elfish glee,  
Pierce, with sunlight as of May  
Every shadow that you see.

Raise the world from sin and shame!  
Gladden all humanity!  
Cleanse us with thy dancing flame!  
Poetry, oh poetry!

Silver trumpet rising sweet  
O'er the murmur of the crowd,  
Joy that knoweth not defeat,  
Truth by falsehood yet uncowed,

Brightest truth from brightest minds,  
Beautiful, serene and clear,  
Fan me with thy cooling winds,  
Soothe me, dearest of the dear.

When thy harmonies enfold  
All my sense, thou art to me  
Richer than all earthly gold,  
Poetry, oh poetry.

In the veil thou woven hast  
Dazzling images appear,  
And a subtle spell is cast  
On the man who ventures near

So that all his future days  
Are replenished with the fruit  
Of the sweet, unrivalled lays  
From the fairy-magic lute.

—Mac Moir.

## A RECONCILIATION

As dainty dawn unwrapped her cloak  
Above the dewy hill, dear,  
The robins one and all awoke,  
The woods no more were still, dear.  
I mounted my impatient steed,  
I left the woods behind me,  
And galloped with unruly speed  
To where I knew I'd find thee.

The wind went rushing past my ears,  
And oh, the joy of living,  
To think that calmed were all my fears  
And thou wert now forgiving.  
The cool and fragrant morning air,  
And everything around me,  
While loping on my eager mare,  
In perfect rapture bound me.

I neared our secret trysting place  
With gallop and with clatter,  
And when I saw thy flower face,  
Then nothing else did matter.  
I only knew I'd been at fault  
And that I was forgiven,  
I drew into a sliding halt  
And instant was in heaven.

If 'twas December or 'twas June,  
I knew not nor I cared, dear,  
The world could fall upon the moon  
I'd know not how it fared, dear.  
As long as you were you, and I  
Might be your trusty staff, dear,  
Why I'd give danger's self the lie,  
And in its face would laugh, dear.

—Mac Moir.

## O, ASK NOT ME

Ah, probe not in the Future overmuch,  
 Ask not if then our hearts shall meet and touch,  
 O, ask not me.

It is sufficient that today is sweet,  
 Then ask not if tomorrow love may fleet.

What if the perfect rose should disappear?  
 Its fleeting sweetness makes it still more dear.

What if the Spring does fade in Summer's heat?  
 What if the Summer flees from Autumn's sleet?

It is the course of nature, dearest one,  
 Moons wax and wane, sun follows after sun.

The perfect height of love is with us now;  
 The perfect light of love is on your brow.

The perfect rose of youth is on your cheek;  
 Love's honeyed accents murmur when you speak.

Today is ours! 'Tis throbbing ecstasy!  
 So, till the future comes, O, ask not me!

—*Mac Moir.*

## THOUGHTS

Out of the clinging darkness,  
 Out of the sunset's glow,  
 Leaving me only their essence,  
 I know not where they go.

Out of the rain, soft falling,  
 Fresh from the blast of the wind  
 Free for all to garner—  
 The precious seeds of the mind.

They come from the far horizon  
 Up over the gates of day,  
 They are mine but for a moment,  
 Before they slip away.

—*Betty Douglas.*



## UNAWARE

She did not know the lovely feel  
Of lacy things,  
She did not know the human soul  
Could borrow wings.

She had not heard the silken sigh  
Of growing corn,  
Nor cradled in her arms a life  
Just newly born.

Unknown to her the gentle touch  
Of friendly hands,  
Unknown the tender tone of one  
Who understands.

To her life was a bitter art  
That all must learn.

A narrow path where each must walk  
And never turn.

—Betty Douglas.

## FREEDOM

She walked across the hearts of men  
On feet of flame,  
And branded each one as her own  
In Freedom's name.

She trailed aloft a crimson scarf  
That all might see;  
And bade them rise and follow her  
Who would be free.

She took the fabled crown of thorns  
From off her brow,  
And flung it at the feet of men,  
A wordless vow.

She pointed to the crosses white  
Against the hill,  
And asked in tones of burning scorn,  
"Is this your will?"

Upon her wrists two livid scars  
Gleamed brightly red,  
"Tis from the chains that bind the slave,"  
Was all she said.

—Betty Douglas.

## OH, WORLD

Oh, world, I love your stately trees,  
Their leaves that flutter in the wind,  
Oh, world, I love your tender breeze  
That whistles songs to us—so kind.

Oh world, I love your grassy fields  
Their growth of flowers, essenced sweet,  
Their hues that bees with kisses seal  
And friendly nods, whene'er we meet.

Oh, world, I love your little nooks  
That hidden lie, the paths between,  
Like scenes from some bright story book  
Where fairies live, but ne'er are seen.

Oh, world, I love your happy birds,  
The meadowlark who welcomes storm,  
The chirping wren we oft have heard  
So joyful on a busy morn.

Oh, world, I love your azure skies,  
The downy clouds of summer's night,  
The golden sun that blinds our eyes,  
The moon and sparkling stars so bright.

Oh, world, I love your heart and soul  
Your every breath is rapturous mirth,  
For you gave me sweet life—its whole,  
The glory of each day's rebirth.

—Frieda Claus.

## THE RIVER

Oh, have you seen it flowing,  
The sky-blue river flowing,  
The lilted waters flowing near the shore?  
Oh, have you watched its colors,  
Its changing sunset colors,  
Its brilliant golden colors loved of yore?  
Oh, have you heard it murmur,  
The racing river murmur,  
The sparkling waters murmuring their song?  
Oh, have you heard it racing,  
The lovely river racing,  
Still racing as it did in days bygone?  
Oh, have you seen it foaming,  
The angry river foaming,  
The running waters foaming round the rocks?  
Oh, have you heard it roaring,  
The fierce old river roaring,  
While wailing winds blew through its aged locks?  
Oh, have you seen it flowing,  
The sky-blue river flowing,  
The happy waters flowing near the shore?  
Oh, have you heard it singing,  
Its living strains a-ringing,  
Its never-changing song beloved of yore?

—*Frieda Claus.*

## THE CHALLENGE

Thundering and roaring  
O'er its rocky bed,  
Comes the mighty river  
From ice-capped mountains fed.  
Crashing, surging, roaring,  
Throwing foam flakes high,  
It throws a daring challenge  
Up at the summer sky.  
"Nought can stop me going  
To the distant sea,  
And I will still be flowing,  
Through eternity."

—*Gertrude Cancellor.*

## HOW DARK THE NIGHT

How dark the night  
To one in pain.  
How deep the wish  
That day remain.

'Tis sad, to me  
To hear that cry  
Of agony,  
"How long the night?"

"How long the night?  
The first faint light  
That heralds day?  
How dark the night!

—Margaret E. Pike.

## EARLY SUMMER

The world is bright when summer nighs;  
The bluebird feasts our hungry eyes;  
The sky seems full of butterflies  
For happy tots to capture.  
A violet's peeping through the grass;  
It smiles up shyly, as I pass,  
Like some unspoiled, sweet-natured lass;  
My heart beats loud in rapture.

The breezes flutter through the leaves;  
I hear, 'neath poplars' fairy eaves  
The chuckles of those merry thieves;  
I wonder what they're saying.  
And over there, along the walk,  
Against the wall, beside a rock,  
The lilac flares a purple frock,  
The air with fragrance spraying.

The summer fills me with delight;  
Its sunny day, its starry night,  
Its blessing from the heavens bright,  
To crown our each endeavor.  
What though misfortune, grief and pain  
Shall try our tender souls again;  
For summertime can only reign  
In youthful hearts forever.

—Walter Schowalter.

## PRAYER: A SONNET

Ah, there is one who understands such prayers  
As these: The silver rev'rence of the moon;  
The joyous matin of a dawn in June;  
And in the west the amber light that flares  
An Angelus when day forgets its cares;  
The praise within a lark's low carolled tune;  
Or plummy supplications when at noon  
The willows sigh with sad, dejected airs.

Oh, surely then, he'll understand my pleas  
Though inarticulate—mere longings sent  
(As flowers emit their fragrance in the breeze)  
By a full heart, by deep emotions pent  
In throbbing gratitude, or yet to ease  
A soul with hate or bitter sorrow rent.

—Ruth M. Frei.

## BLUE GOWN

I used to wish, when I was small  
That I might own a gown  
The blue of deepest summer skies  
Beflecked with clouds of down.

But now I know I'd have to be  
A goddess wondrous fair,  
That azure gown with snowy frills  
Becomingly to wear!

A goddess tall with golden hair  
The sheen of mid-day sun,  
And cheeks as pink as dawn's first blush  
When summer day's begun.

With lips of crimson, sunset hue,  
And eyes of azure smiles,  
A filmy veil of dim moon-beam,  
Would just complete her wiles.

But I am not a goddess fair,  
So I'll just have to dream  
About that gown of summer blue,  
When summer skies do gleam.

—Ruth M. Frei.

## RED LACQUER BOX

This red lacquer box  
With a black lacquer top,  
Was bought in a queer little  
Chinese "street" shop.

This quaint little box  
Means nothing to you,  
But once it belonged  
To Miss Yen Foo.

'Twas given to her  
By Ira Chan,  
A queer young lover,  
A Chinese man.

And in that box  
Each night were kept  
Her jewels of jade  
While Yen Foo slept.

Then troublous times came—  
Box and contents were sold,  
To procure ransom money  
Of yellowest gold.

To ransom Yen's lover  
Young Ira Chan,  
A brave, good fellow,  
Her Chinese man.

And that is the story  
Of the red lacquer box,  
That I bought yesterday  
In a Chinese "street" shop.

—Gertrude Cancellor.

## I WONDER

I left my heart in sunny Spain,  
Amid its mystery,  
And now I wonder when again  
It shall return to me.

I wonder if the waters roll  
As they have rolled before,  
I wonder if the lovers stroll  
Along the sandy shore.

I wonder if the rivers flow  
In singing channels blue,  
I wonder if the roses grow  
As once before they grew.

I wonder if guitars still haunt  
That sunny land always,  
I wonder if gay hearts still vaunt  
As cheerfully today.

I wonder—oh, a thousand things,  
A thousand things I dream;  
And lo! each dream sweet nurture brings  
For all so real doth seem.

—Mac Coleman.

## WANDERLUST

I have known many people  
Who told me tales  
Of far away places  
And ships with sails.

Lands of sunshine  
And lakes of blue,  
Flowers and perfumes,  
Strange tales and new.

I want to go sailing  
O'er oceans wide,  
And see the strange people  
Who're said to reside.

In sunshiny gardens  
By lakes ever blue;  
Then come back some evening  
With a story for you.

—Maxine Grubb.

## A STAR

It is a very wondrous thing  
A Star,  
When gleaming in the dusky night  
Afar;  
We gaze and wonder at its place  
So high  
Within the twinkling dome we call  
The sky.

It is another sun but far  
More bright  
Than that great globe from which comes forth  
Our light;  
It makes one feel so impotent  
And far  
From any other world, that same  
Wee Star.

—Bonnie Dajoe.

## LITTLE PINK SLIPPERS

Little pink slippers  
There by the door,  
Carelessly thrown  
Down on the floor.

Battered and torn  
Down at the heel;  
Little pink slippers,  
How do you feel?

Bedraggled and worn,  
Toes all kicked out,  
Your life was a hard one,  
I haven't a doubt.

The little pink toes  
You sheltered for years  
Left you at last,  
Without any tears.

Little pink slippers  
You don't cry or moan,  
But I feel sorry  
For slippers outgrown.

—Jessie Hines



## PLAIN THOUGHTS

When the sun sinks low  
Behind distant hills,  
And the glory of sunset  
Gives many hearts thrills.

I love to sit silent  
By some stream or brook,  
Just sit with my plain thoughts  
And there by the brook,

I lay them all out,  
Sort the right from the wrong,  
Ponder over strange questions  
That rise from the throng.

To think what I have done,  
And what to do next,  
And put them all straight,  
Each under a text.

To gather them up  
And keep them that way,  
Then try to remember  
To let none go astray.

The brook's flowing waters  
Would never disturb  
The flow of plain thoughts  
Which my brain so perturb.

— Henry Schick.

## BEYOND

Beyond that westward sloping hill  
Is a trail that has oft been trod,  
And that trail leads on through a coulee green  
And a deep ravine where the sunflowers lean  
Towards the great sun god.

Beyond that brightly sunlit vale  
Is a westward turn in the road,  
And that road goes on o'er the prairie wide  
By a river side where the eagles cried,  
And where the Indians rode.

And on over mountains winding steep  
May still that path be found,  
And to follow all those winding turns  
My wild heart burns while my spirit yearns,  
And longs to go—beyond!

—Phyllis Hussey.

## BEAUTY I HAVE SEEN

There is a place where whitest lilies blow,  
Beside a gently moving pool,  
Where dark green trees still sway  
And everything is cool.  
It is a place delightful to be seen,  
A place divine, and yet  
Its beauty I have never seen  
I've only heard of it.

There is a place where mountains tall  
Rise by the deep lake side,  
Where trees in glory flourish all.  
And sunsets gild the tide.  
There is a place where voices  
So softly rise and fall,  
I've never seen those wonders  
I've heard of them, that's all.

But there's a place in whose starry depths  
Brown gleams with trusting hue,  
And shows in tender beauty  
A love light, ever true;

There's gladness, hope and sorrow,  
There's trust and sympathy,  
All these I know are real, for  
I've seen them in your eyes.—*Minnie Milne.*

# 1934 Verse



MARGARET M. RUTHERFORD

Poet Laureate for the year  
1934-1935

*When Anna sang the branches stirred  
Across the disc of the full moon . . . .  
Though 'twas December it seemed May  
When Anna sang.*

## ELIXIR OF LIFE

Today I quaffed the wine of life  
Within the chalice of the morn,  
Whene'er I saw the sunlight gild  
Each russet brier and blackened thorn.

The purple hills wore golden scarves,  
While rime emblazoned all the trees,  
And scintillations gemmed the air  
Like bebies bright of spangled bees.

On morns like these Time doffs his cloak  
And sallies forth in new array,  
Grows young again that he may live  
Within the fullness of today.

An elixir there is that lies  
Within the morning's tinted bowl,  
And oh! to quaff it is to feel  
Rejuvenation of the soul.

—Margaret Rutherford.

## YOUTH CRIES

We are the living, and we wish to live  
Until our ripest days are richly run;  
Nor yet as offerings do we wish to give  
Our broken bodies, rotting in the sun,  
To God, insulting Him! So let us raise  
Protesting voices over land and sea.  
Death offers naught and these our earthly days  
Give promise of the fuller years to be.

Our hearts throb forth—we do not want to die!  
Far echo hears and thrills abroad the cry:  
We wish to live and bathe ourselves in laughter,  
To know what love is, in a death-free air,  
We want to kiss Life's lips, aspire, and after  
We'll trust that memories will make Death fair.

—Margaret Rutherford.

## WHEN ANNA SANG

When Anna sang the branches stirred  
Across the disc of the full moon,  
And thrilling sang a silver bird  
Outpouring all his heart in tune,  
And when her song had died away  
Still visions lingered; echoes rang,  
Though 'twas December, it seemed May  
When Anna sang.

—Margaret Rutherford.

## WHEN OVER THE PRAIRIE

When over the prairie  
The cool and the hush  
Have come with the fairy  
That haunteth the bush,  
Tis then in the dusking  
I talk to my sweet,  
When ceased is the husking,  
And lovers can meet.

The moonbeams are glancing  
On fairies tonight,  
In the whirl of their dancing  
They laugh with delight.  
Then sweetness comes thither,  
To hallow the place;  
My heart it would wither  
Not seeing her face.

The husking may go  
And the harvesting may,  
But one thing I know,  
Love must have its way.  
When over the prairie  
The cool and the hush  
Have come with the fairy  
That haunteth the bush.

—Mac Moir.

## IN THE FUTURE

Some day when centuries are gone,  
And science shall have made us free,  
Shorn of its beams the cooling sun  
Shall hang in heaven movelessly.

Some day when all that is has died  
And everything is strange and new,  
Among the planets man shall glide  
And rise above the vault of blue.

Nothing shall be to him unknown,  
Time's secrets all shall be laid bare,  
From sky to earth, from zone to zone,  
His eye shall travel everywhere.

The work which youth begins today  
Will build the world as it should be,  
With us, and in us, is the way,  
So let us on, courageously.

—Mac Moir.

## PALE EVENING STAR

Pale evening star that hangs on high,  
Glowing in the deep blue sky,  
Bathe with your light my hot emotions  
Until they fade away and die

And die, and die. . . .

Cool evening breeze, whose accents low  
So flittingly now come, now go,

A score of mighty raging oceans

Foam deep in me—oh, calm their flow,

Their flow, their flow. . . .

The night has wisdom that the day  
Has not; for night can point a way  
Safe through and past the fierce commotions  
That cause an earth-born's steps to stray,

To stray, to stray. . . .

—Mac Moir.

## LACE

There's golden lace up in the sky,  
The clouds are edged with lace  
And lace, pure rose, doth seam them when  
The gloaming shows her face.

There's lace upon the garden ways,  
The pinks are wrought from it,  
Carnations red and stocks in white  
Besides the violet.

There's lace upon the winter trees  
When crystal frost is rife,  
It decks the opal tinted ice,  
'Mid winter's laughing life.

There's silver lace there where the dawn  
Is flaunting all her gold,  
And every nook is hung with it—  
Such lace is ancient-old.—*Frieda Claus:*

## THE OWL

I think an owl  
Is very wise;  
Its wisdom shines  
In its strange eyes.

There's something deep  
In that square look;  
Something that man  
Wrote not in book,

There's something that  
I can't divine,  
A knowledge high  
Beyond all mine.

Mayhap the owl  
Can teach us things  
About the world  
To which he brings

A look so wise  
That somehow I  
Respect the owl—  
I can't tell why.—*Frieda Claus.*

## OLD BOOKS

Within their golden pages  
Now yellowed o'er with time,  
Lie tales that light the ages  
With ancient thought and rhyme.

Now once again, in turning  
The leaves so frayed and torn,  
I find fires in me burning  
That long ago were born.

Ah! 'twas the waning twilight,  
The hearth was cosy there,  
And by the flick'ring firelight,  
I saw each picture fair.

Each one breathed forth a story  
That hailed from fairy lands,  
Of goblins old and hoary,  
Of knights with helpful hands.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget them,  
Though future lead me far,  
The thoughts that lie within them  
Shall linger like a star.—*Milton Halliday.*

## WINTER TWILIGHT

When twilight shadows softly steal,  
Across the sky and o'er the snow;  
An unseen spirit seems to come  
And hang upon the day's last glow.

It seems about me, when I breathe  
Or walk among the hills and trees,  
Unto my heart it seems to say,  
"I rest in air, I walk the breeze."

The rabbit runs his evening path,  
The owl sounds forth its call afar,  
On some dim ridge the coyote howls  
His lone thoughts to the evening star.

And so each life, that ventures forth,  
Doth know the spell of night's low voice,  
As in the deep'ning twilight gray,  
They rest and in their hearts rejoice.

—*Milton Halliday.*



## MOONLIGHT MEMORIES

Dim glints a ghostly, pallid moon;  
The earth reflects its ghastly glow;  
The prairie lives with haunting forms,  
Pale shadows of the long ago.  
A joyful thrill shoots through my heart—  
The open plains I love so well  
Have given me their all tonight,  
And cast o'er me their mystic spell.

Then I recall another moon  
That brightly smiled on rows of pine,  
Which lined a placid little street  
Far from the coyotes' dismal whine;  
There, sifting through a hedge of spruce  
The warm Chinook would kiss my cheeks;  
Fresh, with its fragrant breath it came  
From Rocky Mountains' purple peaks.

How oft that scene enthralls my mind;  
How oft the tears have dimmed my sight,  
When I recall with fond regret  
The splendor of that distant night.  
Why let that mem'ry break my heart  
When other themes therein should reign?  
Those dear old days I lived in bliss  
Are gone, and come not back again.

—Walter Schowalter.

## MY DREAM

Here are my dreams—  
Star studded,  
Flecked with the foam of the sea,  
Like roses drenched with the dew  
Fresh budded,  
Dear dreams that are the soul of me,  
I set them adrift in the morning—  
No one cared,  
Save I, save I alone,  
I cried aloud to the Gods of Life,  
"Let one be spared."

And lo! with the stars when darkness fell  
They all came home.

—Betty Douglas.

## SUMMER'S FLOWERS

They brought me summer flowers  
In little, moist, brown hands,  
Such fragile, short-stemmed blossoms  
Plucked from the warm, home sands.

Oh, eagerly they offered,  
Each one, a posie sweet,  
The fragrant gifts of friendship  
From summer's glowing heat.

I kept those dear wee flowers,  
They're withered now, and grey,  
But those bright childish faces  
Still glow for me today.

They lifted sunkist faces  
And, shyly, pansy eyes,  
All soft with depths of velvet  
And pure as rain-washed skies.

And there were dewy roses  
On each fresh, childish cheek,  
The warmth of scarlet poppies  
In lips that dared not speak.

Ah, they were God's own posies  
He sent to me that day,  
And always through my mem'ry  
Will their love's fragrance stray.

—Ruth M. Frei.

## WINTER BEAUTY

Summer leaves have fallen,  
Summer's beauty's fled,  
But with summer's dying  
Beauty is not dead.

For hoarfrost decks the poplars  
In robes of silver sheen,  
And makes them just as beautiful  
As summer's verdure green.

The snow-flowers crown the hilltop,  
All sparkling, fair and white;  
Oh say, what day of summer  
Can give such beauty bright.

—Gertrude Cancellor.

## ANGELUS

Each evening as the shadows fall  
And the air is almost still,  
An Angelus comes stealing  
Over wood and plain and hill.

A partridge cock is drumming  
Upon a hollow log,  
And a marsh wren softly fluting  
From her nest beside the bog.

The scented breeze comes humming  
With cadence low and long,  
As across the hazy meadows  
Drifts a lark's sweet quavering song.

Thus o'er all the quiet country  
In trilling mellow notes  
The Angelus is ringing  
From Nature's many throats.

—Gertrude Cancellor.

## THE WOODS ARE BARE

The woods are bare and still, they say,  
I thought so till the other day,  
When walking down a leaf-strewn trail,  
I saw the flocks of geese set sail.

These honking guardians of the north,  
Homeward bound, were setting forth.  
I heard red squirrels in a tree,  
Chatt'ring together merrily.

I saw the crocus in the dell,  
A ground hog coming from his cell,  
I watched the rabbit change his coat  
And debris to the river float.

They say the woods are bare and still,  
I thought so till I crossed the hill  
And saw all wild life stir today  
While spring winds moan and croon their lay.  
—Olga Kizhook.

## IDEAL ARITHMETIC

If I could do arithmetic  
Outdoors, with glowing flowers to pick—  
Chrysanthemums and goldenrod  
And purple aster stars that nod,

I'd gather posies, one by one,  
And then addition would be fun,  
I share with Mother my bouquet  
Subtracting posies right away.

And then through woodsy ways I'd hie  
Where sunbeams merry multiply,  
And gath'ring ripe brown nuts with glee,  
The squirrels would divide with me.

Oh, what a jolly, pleasant way  
To do arithmetic today,  
When dancing leaves and glinting sun  
Are coaxing us from school to run.

—Marion Beatrice Olszewski.

## SONG

The great musician, Zephyr,  
Played such a song today,  
That I could not but listen  
So magic was the lay.

He moved across the harp-strings  
Of each gay leaf of gold  
And brought forth music, music  
Of loveliness untold.

He sang of quiet streamlets  
Beneath an azure sky,  
Which woke to softest laughter  
When he was passing by.

He wove into his singing  
A song of blue hills far,  
Where only God is master  
And no man's hand can mar.

And then he sang of cedar  
And next of creeping oak,  
That hung upon the mountain  
A magic, living cloak.

And then the song grew fainter  
And faded far away  
But in my heart I've stored it  
That magic, magic lay.—*Mac Coleman.*

## HEART CLEANING

The world was sweetly fresh today,  
With sparkling rills and hills of green,  
And so to keep in tune with her  
I set to work my heart to clean.

My pleasant thoughts I polished till  
They gleamed like diamonds in the sun;  
And put them all in tidy rows  
So that each day I'd think of one.

I packed my woes and sorrows all  
Into a chest and with the key  
I locked it; pushed it out of sight,  
I never want them to get free.

I washed my heart well out with Joy  
And now, I'll never, never fear,  
With Peace as watchman at its door,  
I'm ready for another year.—*Mary Gisco.*

## STARLIGHT

In deepest velvet black  
The stars shine bright,  
And no moon comes to dim  
Their twinkling light.

Enthroned high overhead,  
Orion keeps  
His ceaseless nightly watch  
While mankind sleeps.

A sprinkling of dim stars  
Flung out across the night—  
And there's the Milky Way  
Of misty light.

Around the polar star  
The Great Bear swings,  
So distant—yet so near  
To human things.

In deepest velvet black  
The stars shine bright,  
And no moon comes to dim  
Their twinkling light.—*Phyllis Hussey.*

## PRECIOUS IS THE PASSING MOMENT

Precious is the passing moment,  
Chances lie on Time's fleet wings,  
Hold the heaven that lies the nearest,  
Find a joy in simple things.

Precious is the passing moment,  
Time is fleeting; youth soon gone;  
Morning holds the keys of even,  
Only shortly stays the dawn.

Precious is the passing moment,  
And Life's jewels fade away,  
Live and find a joy in living,  
In the things of every day.

Precious is the passing moment,  
Garner joys while yet they last,  
Misty, secret, is the future,  
And forgot the dimming past.

Precious is the passing moment,  
Let me know its worth alway,  
Till I learn the art of living  
In the joys of Just Today.

—Mac Coleman.

## SWEET SPRINGTIME

Budding aspens, sprouting seeds,  
Shy blue violets, greening meads,  
Starry daisies, white and dear,  
Sweet Springtime is surely here.

Trilling robins building nest,  
Ducks a-honking in the west,  
Skies of blue and lakes so clear,  
Sweet Springtime is surely here.

Wee lambs skipping o'er the turf,  
Water running as the surf,  
Buttercups will soon appear—  
Sweet Springtime is surely here.

Farmer plowing on the lea,  
Yonder flies a bumble-bee,  
Gladdest time of all the year,  
Sweet Springtime is surely here.

—Charlotte Webb.

## WINTER TREES

O trees so bare and desolate  
That lift your scarred arms to the sky,  
Are you not cold when strong winds blow,  
And rain drops scurry by?

Like ghosts of summer days you stand,  
Your voices stilled, your beauty lost,  
Do you await the gentle snows,  
The welcome touch of frost?

Perhaps you dream of other days,  
When skies were bright and birds did keep  
Their evening trysts within your boughs,  
Or are you fast asleep?

You have no need to fear, my friends,  
For nature never fails to bring  
You loveliness when meadowlarks'  
Glad tunes recall the spring.

—Bonnie Dafoe.



## THE GARDEN

In my mother's garden  
Flowers grow;  
Dainty little blossoms  
In a row.

Little spots of yellow  
Dazzle one;  
Poppies dance and whisper  
In the sun.

Trees look kindly down on me  
Standin' there;  
Guess they think they tower high  
In the air.

But when Night steals softly  
Into it;  
Moonlight sprites and fairies  
Dance and flit.

An' I go so softly down  
Feelin' bright;  
Guess I'll catch a fairy  
Or a sprite.

But the trees are starin' down  
Silently;  
Maybe I won't bother  
Elves to see.

I will go and cover up  
My head;  
Let the fairies dance away—  
I'm in bed.

—Edna Taylor.

## LIFE'S BOON

Oh Life, a grave, grave suppliant I,  
Who would a boon of thee.  
I pray thee lend me audience;  
This is my plea.

Oh, break and maul me, if thou wilt,  
Toss in thy storm;  
Orend my soul until it bleeds,  
All limp and torn.

Thy hammer on the anvil fall  
Howe'er it may;  
My metal's thine to mold at will;  
Refine my clay.

Compared to all thy tests and trials,  
Death has no sting;  
Break me, oh Life, but leave me not  
A broken thing.

Oh break and build me, sift and strain  
The true from sham,  
I care not how, so long as thou  
Fulfil'st thy plan.

Oh Life, a grave, grave suppliant I;  
I do not ask to be  
One of the great, but only that  
Thou find'st the best in me.

— Kathleen Jarvis.

# 1935 Verse



FRIEDA CLAUS

Poet Laureate for the Year  
1935-36

*I love the world's sky-blue,  
The world's leaf-green;  
I love the world's rose red,  
Its pansy dream.*

## INFLUENCE

I gave my soul to twilight  
One eve when life was gay,  
As night winds wandered by me  
And stole my cares away.  
The sky was bathed in crimson,  
Sky-blue merged into flame,  
And the whole world seemed sinless,  
And freed from hate or blame.

A blithe tune from the robin  
Pierced through the perfumed air,  
And wavered into distance,  
A psalm to cure despair.  
Another tune re-echoed  
And smote my dream-stained heart,  
An oboe's last bugle  
Drugged with some magic art.

And long this music lingered,  
The trees stood still and tall,  
Like mutual boon companions  
Within night's star-gemmed hall.  
And long I sat in silence,  
While rapture filled my soul,  
I loved it, oh! I loved it,  
Its very heart, its whole.

For I was hers in spirit,  
Dame Night who lives apart,  
From mortal's daily fancies  
Which cannot reach her heart.  
My soul I gave to twilight,  
That would not with me stay,  
'Tis still within her keeping  
I caught its mood today.

—Frieda Claus.

## THE UNSEEN WATCHERS

Now, oft I hear soft footsteps passing by,  
Slow footsteps passing in the deep of night,  
I know not whence they come nor why they echo on  
When daylight floods the hills with new delight.

And sometimes when the curtains quiver in the shade  
I wonder who doth shake them, and my heart  
Beats loud and faster as I slowly rise  
And gently go, to draw them wide apart.

When all is dark and still, about, beyond,  
I feel that someone's watching me out there,  
There's someone waiting, watching in the creeping dusk  
And in my face the eyes of myst'ry stare.

And often in my dreams a vision faint doth rise  
And all around an amber halo shines,  
'Tis destiny hath set an unseen guard by night  
While all my world is wrought of unwrit rhymes.

—*Frieda Claus.*

## ONLY

Only a butterfly's wing  
Against my throat,  
Only a delicate rose  
And a robin's note,  
Fragile and fleeting things,  
Yet embalmed in my love they shall last  
When the things of the practical world  
Have faded and passed.

When man and his pride are gone  
Past all returning,  
And the weary old world one day  
To ashes is burning,  
My presence above the abyss  
Shall hold in its loving control  
These things which shall not be destroyed,  
—The things of the soul.

—*Mac Moir.*

## COLOR OF LIFE

I love the world's sky-blue,  
The world's leaf-green.  
I love the world's rose red,  
Its pansy dream.

Oh, calm is earth's sky blue  
In summer time,  
When cotton clouds move slow  
To the winds' rhyme.

And gay is earth's leaf-green  
Where whispers glide  
And flame and gold and blue  
In song abide.

But love is earth's rose-red,  
Life's drug and wine,  
A blush, when dawn doth flood  
The world of rhyme.

Yet give, oh, give to me,  
Life's pansy dream,  
Life's thought and color clear,  
By poets seen.

—*Frieda Claus.*

## A CHARACTER

Graceful and tall the lady of my dreams,  
Quiet and dignified, gracious and kind;  
A heart whose very essence is designed  
Of tenderness, and delicate lights and gleams.  
Her mere demeanour has a calming way,  
With her, you are at ease immediately,  
Leaving her, you go forth into the day  
Feeling that life has light and purity.  
My tiny, colorless bouquet of song  
I toss into her spiritual fane;  
Lily-built walls and sky-blue roof it has,  
Where her immortal soul, as clear as glass,  
Worships and kneels, worships and kneels again,  
Rose-delicate, yet virtuously strong.

—*Mac Moir.*

## THE ROSE

There will be children still  
When the rose and I are one,  
And they will gather flowers  
Out in the summer sun.  
I shall sing to them softly,  
"I was a child, once, too,  
I knew the charm of the wild wind  
And the magic of heavens' blue.  
But Beauty's cheek has a trace of tears  
When the laughing days are over,"  
The children will wonder, "Can it be  
The brown bee in the clover?"

—Margaret Rutherford.

## SPRING IN EDEN

Amid the flowery laughter Beauty spun  
A golden web of song-embroidered hours,  
Soft murmuring fountains tossing rainbow showers,  
And luscious fruits too fair for mouth to shun.

Then from the pure child-hearts that were as one,  
She took the sacred loves that were their flowers,  
And blended them by virtue of her powers  
Into the lyric whole of song and sun.

When lo! a sword in anger rent her floss,  
Alarmed, she snatched a few bright strands and fled,  
But seeing man and maid with drooping head  
Driven forth to wastes, compassion bade her cross  
And thrust within their hands her shattered threads,  
Hoping it might console them for their loss.

—Margaret Rutherford.

## SHADOWS

You know I hate the grey, low clouds,  
The cold wind's sombre moan,  
When every shadow has a voice  
That speaks of something gone.

You know my spirit sinks past saving,  
And fear walks close today,  
It will not flee for constant saying,  
"There's light on the darkest way."

Oh, dear, stay close by me to lend  
Your soul's glad, soaring wings,  
To lift this weary heart of mine  
Above the tyrant things.

I cannot see the dawning yet,  
'Tis only sunset's glow,  
Flung like a banner on the hills  
Flaunting, mocking so.

You know the stars are very far,  
And I am tired with watching long,  
There's fear behind the shadowed hills  
And in the tremor of my song.

—Betty Douglas.

## LITTLE HOMES

Beneath infinitudes of domed sky  
That, radiantly blue and star-lit, smile  
With age-long mystery on plains that lie  
In vast, unbroken grandeur, mile on mile,  
The road, in endless, silver swerves, runs by  
The little homes the snow clasps pile on pile.

Ah, little homes, whose ev'ry window gleams  
Like kindly eyes across the drifts of snow  
Of love and sympathy, the wealth of dreams  
And deeds of moving forms and heads bent low  
Against the lamp-light sheen within, it seems  
You hold the nation's heart—oh bravely so!

—Ruth M. Frei.



## INTERLUDE

'Tis said no mortal soul may know  
The peace of heaven here below,  
But I, three precious hours once stole  
From out eternity's vast whole;  
Not 'neath some famous gilded spire  
Did heaven's own grace my soul inspire,  
But by a quiet flowing stream  
Where I reclined to rest and dream;  
There heaven to me its calm extended  
My world-torn heart with peace was mended.

—Gertrude Cancellor.

## MY PREFERENCE

I love to see a Christmas tree  
All hung with tinsel bright,  
For, decked with gifts and ornaments  
It makes a lovely sight.  
But better still, I love to see,  
Out in the winter woods,  
The spruces dressed in snow and frost  
Their soft white winter hoods.

I like to see the candles  
Upon the branches lit,  
And watch the weaving shadows  
These waving torches knit.  
But even more I love to see  
All through the winter night,  
The moon and stars that brightly glow  
To give the world its light.

The man has brought the Christmas tree  
Into his man-made room,  
And he has made the candles  
That light its inner gloom.  
But God has dressed the spruces  
In glistening frost and snow,  
And set the moon and stars to shine  
Upon His wondrous show.

—Gertrude Cancellor.

## SNOWFLAKES

Softly and silently,  
All through the night,  
Swiftly and ceaselessly,  
In the grey light—  
Over brown meadows  
On the grey town,  
Little white snowflakes  
Come whirling down.

Joyously, dancingly,  
Taking their way,  
Gaily and happily  
Till break of day—  
Little white snowflakes  
Come tumbling down, down,  
Over brown meadows  
On the grey town.—*Charlotte Webb.*

## COUNTRY BEAUTY

There's beauty in a country morn:  
Aurora's rosy skirts  
Are mingled with the burning clouds,  
Apollo's colored shirts.

There's beauty in a country day:  
The golden sun his walkings  
Across the sky doth take; his rays  
Remind me of silk stockings.

There's beauty in a country eve:  
The sun is just gone down,  
And grey-blue shadows veil the earth  
Like some voluptuous gown.

There's beauty in a country night:  
The little stars' sweet faces  
Twinkle within the moon's white glance,  
A blouse done up with laces.

There's beauty in a country scene,  
Dawn, eve, or any time,  
To me it looks like one big wash—  
Hung out upon the sky-line.

—*Charlotte Webb.*

## EVENING IN THE BUSH

This summer's eve the sun has set  
Behind a waving sea of green;  
Alone, upon a beaver dam  
I sit and watch the peaceful scene;  
Here birches flash their ghostly boles,  
And willows droop their weeping heads;  
There spruce and tamarac stand their guard,  
Above the quaking muskeg beds.

Out yonder, where, in days gone by,  
The Forest Demon roared his way,  
Lies, cushioned half with verdant moss,  
A fallen monarch, charred and grey;  
And, tow'ring high above the pines,  
A hulk which age and clime defies  
Rears proudly up its long-dead trunk—  
A naked pole against the skies.

Here in these virgin northern woods  
Man's ruthless hand has not been laid;  
Near where I dreamily recline  
Wild creatures scamper unafraid;  
How blessed is the solitude  
Which bears no share in human strife!  
So was it since the dawn of time,  
Untouched in its primeval life.

—Walter Schowalter.

## TWILIGHT HILL


To far-off lands extending,  
The light of day is ending,  
O'er Twilight Hill.  
The snow has ceased its drifting  
And shadows now are shifting  
On Twilight Hill.

White spirit of the prairie  
Yon lonely hare is wary,  
On Twilight Hill.  
My eyes a shadow follow—  
A coyote in the hollow  
Near Twilight Hill.

The twilight sky is ringing,  
The solitude is singing,  
Of Twilight Hill;  
And as the grey light weakens,  
The stars are far-off beacons  
O'er Twilight Hill.

—Milton Halliday.

## TRANSITION



I have gathered up all my books,  
(Some are torn, and some are nearly new);  
And with them placed beneath my arm,  
I pass out through the open door,  
Into the new world before me. . .  
Just before I go, there is one look,  
One look that will see all—  
All that has become a part of me,  
In the years that have gone before;  
When I, a boy of tender years,  
(Oh, that seems so long ago, for  
I have worldly wise now grown),  
First entered these wide doors  
Little knowing that I should be happy,  
When I should come to leave. . .  
For I leave with a smile on my lips  
And a new song in my heart—  
The song of life. I am waiting—  
Waiting for what is to come.

—Fred J. Hutchings.

## SONG OF LOVE

I love music,  
Soft, entrancing,  
Thrilling, dancing  
Music.  
Stirring all my soul with rapture,  
All the joy that heart can capture  
In one short and brimming chapter—  
Music.

I love roses,  
Sweet perfuming,  
Softly filling  
All my life with fragrance sweet;  
Making me so happy; languid  
Roses, lovely, fragrant  
Roses.

I love swimming,  
Slowly gliding,  
Floating,  
Swiftly swimming,  
Through the cool water rushing  
Over my gliding, floating figure;  
Nothing else matters,  
Can ever matter but  
Swimming.

I love friendship,  
Happy laughing,  
Smiling, chatting  
Friendship.  
Meeting friends who will love me for ever,  
Greeting friends who will tire of me never,  
For the thing that is dearest is  
Friendship.

—Mabel Brandow.

## SHATTERED DREAMS

I'd like to write of fairies,  
Who lived long years ago;  
And danced to elfin music,  
In orchards, to and fro.

And how a knight came stalking,  
Right into fairyland;  
And tried with knightly chivalry  
To win a fairy's hand.

Or else perhaps my fancy  
Would run on other things;  
Great tyrants of the ancient times,  
Or medieval kings.

Or I might try a little song,  
About the changing seasons;  
How winter's cold turns to spring,  
With no apparent reasons.

But now a voice breaks through my dreams,  
Scattering all my wishes;  
A voice, which says commandingly,  
"Come on and dry the dishes!"—*Edna Taylor.*

## THE LITTLE OLD CHURCH

There's a little old church in a shady green dell,  
Where the ivy creeps up o'er the wall,  
And the echoing chime of the sweet chapel bell  
Summons each one with its gentle call.

There's a little old man in that old-fashioned kirk  
With a wealth of old stories and new,  
And he tells with great zeal of measureless work  
That remained for the One man to do.

There's a funny old organ that wheezes and squeaks  
And a choir that's not always in tune,  
But each crevice and cranny with holiness reeks  
Like the perfume of blossomy June.

And I love that dear church with its broken down door,  
Where the faith of the flock never dims,  
Within it my spirit does heavenward soar  
As I sing the old well-beloved hymns.—*Priscilla Knight.*

## INCONSISTENCY

When winter blasts are blowing,  
And no living thing is growing,  
And the leaden skies are snowing,  
Piling snowdrifts wide and high,  
Then I long for Spring's warm showers,  
For her many colored flowers,  
For the green and leafy bowers  
And a clear blue springtime sky.

But when Spring comes, sweetly smiling,  
Winter's cold and snow defying,  
And her laughter so beguiling  
Charms the earth to life again,  
Then I dream of Summer quiet,  
Flower-beds a color-riot,  
Golden days and purple twilight,  
Summer shine and Summer rain.

Then the Summer sun comes shining  
All the Springtime gold refining,  
But my restless heart is pining  
For brown Autumn's golden skies.  
For the scented winds at nightfall,  
Gold and crimson leaves; a bird call;  
Purple grapes down by the windfall,  
Honk of wild geese as it flies.

Winter, Springtime, Summer, Autumn,  
The one we love is always gone,  
Guess it's best as it's been planned  
That we get them one by one.

—Edna Hanson.

## SEPTEMBER

September is a maiden  
With eyes of azure blue.  
Her sun-tanned arms are laden  
With flowers of every hue.

Her hair is of the darkest  
Of summerfallow brown.  
Her figure, of the slightest,  
Clothed in a russet gown.

Her face is deeply sun-browned  
The shade of withered grass,  
Her voice sighs through the wheat fields  
As little breezes pass.

She smiles a golden promise  
Of warm and fruitful days,  
Which fade before we know it  
Into the autumn haze.

This is our dear September  
That brings the ripened sheaves;  
Dressed in all Autumn's glory,  
Crowned with the fading leaves.

—*M. van der Berg.*



# 1936 Verse



WALTER SCHOWALTER  
Poet Laureate for the Year  
1936-37

*Here in the virgin northern woods.  
Man's ruthless hand has not been laid,  
Near where I dreamily recline  
Wild creatures scamper unafraid.*

*How blessed is the solitude  
Which bears no share in human strife,  
So was it since the dawn of time,  
Untouched in its primeval life.*

## SWEET ROCKETS

Two heaps of earth, o'ergrown with weeds,  
To mark the spot where sodshocks fell;  
The remnants of our iron stove,  
The cribbing of a caved-in well:  
An ancient homestead gone to wreck—  
But still my heart fills not with gloom,  
For here, in hundreds, growing wild,  
The beautiful sweet rockets bloom.

The flower-loving homesteader,  
His fortune sought in other fields;  
Oh, does he know his homestead toils  
Have borne a fruit that richly yields?  
If he returned for old time's sake  
Would Fancy grasp his eye and show  
A picture, dear in memory,  
Of his old homestead long ago?

Sod shanties rearing earthen walls,  
So dark against the sunset sky;  
Unbroken prairie rolling far  
And fresh turned furrows nearer by;  
Long grasses clothing all the plains,  
And, swaying in the evening breeze,  
Sweet rockets in his garden plot  
Among the asters and sweet peas.

As darkness falls, a flick'ring lamp  
The window lights, and from within,  
To mingle with the flowers' scent  
Come sweet strains from a violin . . .  
Through half-gloom of a summer's night  
Sweet rocket beds their colors cast,  
Like hardy, deathless pioneers  
To link the present with the past.

—Walter Schowalter.

## ° INDIAN SUMMER-

The Indian Summer sun smiles bright today  
From out a cloudless Indian Summer sky,  
And autumn's warmest colors softly play  
Across the faded stubbles, crisp and dry.

The brilliant bluffs in orange, russet, red,  
Along the skyline flaming castles trace,  
How fiercely burns each crimson roseleaf bed  
Upon the summerfallow's sombre face.

The busy gophers scamper in and out  
To store their hidden bins with precious grain,  
A flock of tiny field birds flits about,  
And overhead there sails a flock of cranes.

So rises Nature, trees or birds in flight,  
In one grand flourish ere the winter's night.

—Walter Schowalter.

## OLD NATURE OFT

Old Nature oft has told me  
Of many, many things  
In colors on a flower  
And flit of little wings.

Old Nature oft has spoken  
In accents gold and clear  
As tints of Indian Summer  
Hung o'er the distant mere.

Oft in the dreamy silence  
That broods in early fall  
Her voice came through the stillness,  
I thrilled to hear her call.

When robins sang in springtime  
And flowers opened up,  
I tasted in full measure  
The virtue of her cup:

And when the sun in winter  
On snowy field and tree  
Poured down his mighty influence,  
She spoke aloud to me.—Mac Moir.

## THE SINGER

Do you listen—can you hear  
How the leaves are making merry?  
They are dancing—see them swaying  
To the song the wind is playing,  
With the harping of a fairy,  
Do you listen—can you hear?

Do you listen—can you hear  
What the waterfall is saying?  
It has set the rocks a-ringing  
With its voice, for it is singing  
The wild song the wind is playing.  
Do you listen—can you hear?

Do you listen—can you hear  
What the lark prolongs yet clearer?  
How her overflowing heart  
She unburdens, to impart  
Of her joy to every hearer.  
Do you listen—can you hear?

Listen, and lift up your voice,  
Let it swell the woodland rapture;  
Let the music drench your soul,  
Make it good and clean and whole  
As the melody you capture.  
Sing the lark's song and rejoice.

—Paul Stang.

## A LANDSCAPE

Here trees lend beauty to the landscape's glow,  
And whisper in the day's scent-flavored breath,  
They guard each little rain-washed bungalow  
Between them in the clearings, still as death.

And here, between them, stretched enticingly,  
A lonely trail keeps winding on and on,  
To where bright streams laugh so invitingly  
And to the wanderer lilt a pleasant song.

Beyond the prairie rolls in graceful curves  
And lures the traveller 'neath a cloudless sky,  
To leave behind the woods' majestic swerves,  
As winds sweep rose-scent while they wander by.

And here a sunlit hamlet sleeps within  
A valley's curving arms in welcoming glow,  
And then, the grey road stretches out again  
To where, perhaps, deep unseen rivers flow.

And far ahead the road curves on and on,  
To reach grey towns and farms and villages,  
And the lone traveller hears the wild lark's song  
Burst forth to break the creeping silences.

—*Frieda Claus.*

## CLOUDS AND SUNRISE

I wouldn't wish you sunny skies  
Without the clouds of pain,  
For sunbeams always brighter shine  
After the storms and rain.

And if no sorrow touches you,  
No grief your life has known,  
How could you share another's woe  
And feel it as your own?

No other gift is better  
Than an understanding heart,  
To spread love's healing sunlight  
And sympathy impart.—*Gertrude Cancellor.*

## THE CATTLE

Down the dusty winding trail,  
With the slow pace of a snail  
Come the cattle slowly homeward  
As the sun is sinking low.

Leisurely and in a file—  
With drooping head and switching tail,  
Lowing gently as they wait  
For the bars to be let down.

At the ancient wooden trough  
Drinking water cool with froth,  
Quietly they stand and gaze  
O'er the dusty rolling plain.

To the milking pens they go,  
Standing quietly in a row  
While the milk comes streaming down—  
Patiently they stand and wait.

—Dorothy Billard.

## SISTER'S KITCHEN

Of all the kitchens on this earth  
That I've heard of—or seen;  
I'll bet there isn't a single one  
Just like my Sister Jean's.

It has the nicest kitchen shelves  
All painted blue and gold.  
I've used them for my steps an' stairs,  
When cake and jam I stole.

Her icebox doors they never squeak  
Like Ma's and Aunt's seem,  
So I can help myself unheard  
To strawberries and cream.

But what I like the best of all  
Is, when I'm heard or seen,  
They scold me not a single word.  
What a grand home is Jean's!

—Olga Kizchook.

## LOST COMPANION

Brown eyed little sweetheart,  
You stole my lonely heart;  
I've wished I'd never known you  
Since the day we had to part.

How I recall our childhood!  
Those games we used to play,  
My heart is nearly breaking  
As I hold you, dear, today.

Oh yes! we've stolen cookies  
And angered Mother so,  
The time I cut her apron  
When she said you would not grow.

Our parting came too quickly  
And I packed you deep away  
Among my greatest treasures  
That I gaze upon today.

For we've grown up, my darling,  
And we're no longer small,  
So if I took you places  
'Twould not look well at all.

I'll always long to rock you  
And take you anywhere;  
You were my best companion,  
O, golden Teddy Bear.

—Dorothy Fidler.

## AFTER THE STORM

After the storms and spell of cold  
A restful day does now unfold,  
The air is clear and oh! so mild,  
A peace, just like a sleeping child,  
Wraps all the world in silence sweet.  
A holy harmony does greet  
Each breath, each glance across the snow,  
A burning ecstasy does flow  
Through every vein; the earth's so still  
It seems to sleep; each slumb'ring hill  
Reflects the calm that now doth rest  
Within the deep of every breast.

—Horace Beach.

## SUMMER NIGHT

Sweet Summer stole into our land  
With light, elastic tread;  
She stooped and kissed each blushing rose,  
And then she softly said:  
"Oh, I have roamed o'er all the world  
And now I come to you.  
With fondest love and deepest joy  
New wealth I bring for you."  
She glided past; just o'er the hill,  
A shimmering mist of gray,  
And I was left in wonderment  
When Summer passed my way.

Sweet Summer stole into my heart—  
I did not know it then,  
Yet I could feel a deeper throb  
Of love for fellow-men.  
I heard her whisper clear and low,  
A voice that thrills the world,  
"Find beauty in the little things—  
Another flag unfurled."  
And then she silently slipped away,  
But left her presence there,  
To keep the heart forever young,  
To banish hate and care.

—Alice E. Rutherford.

## OUR LITTLE GATE

We have a little, rusty gate,  
It's sagging, and old, with hinges weak.  
But never is there in all the world  
Another gate with a nicer squeak.

If visitors should come our way  
Its little squeak is a big "hello,"  
And when they choose to leave again  
It squeaks a farewell as they go.

Though many stately gates I'll pass  
If I should chance the world to roam,  
I'll return to our own old gate one day  
And hear it squeak, "You're welcome home."

—Mary Gisco.



## IN EASTERN SKIES

Orion's studded belt shines dim  
On the horizon's dusky rim,  
The seven maids their revels keep,  
And dance all night to banish sleep.

Aldebaran, fiery eye  
Of Taurus, now gleams angry nigh,  
Auriga, swift charioteer,  
Contains Capella's glowing sphere.

The winged horse is skimming o'er  
The paths that he has known before,  
And Perseus, his master brave,  
Loosens the bonds, a maid to save.

'Twas Andromeda, sweetly fair,  
Chained a captive in the air!  
The Hyades are twinkling bright,  
River goddesses of Night.

All these I see in eastern skies,  
As I see the pale moon rise,  
Dismissing day, and once again  
Night reigns upon the world of men.

—Charlotte Webb.

## LAST AND BEST BELOVED

Long years ago, when Earth was newly born,  
God walked the world created by His hand—  
A world of fairness, green, green, land,  
Watched o'er by smiling skies with cloud-banks torn;  
A sun red-gold to herald in the morn;  
A silver dryad moon to watch sea's sand—  
And yet to Him whose one word could command  
The Earth whereon He trod did seem forlorn.

And so from out the Fount of Life He took  
Gay colors, subdued tones and glowing shades,  
These with a careless hand He lightly shook  
Over the meadows, and on forest glades.  
Straightway there burst from that primeval sod  
Flowers—the last and best beloved of God.

—Charlotte Webb.

## DREAM TRAVEL

When with the world I disagree  
And home's no longer home to me,  
I climb up to our attic space,  
Hunt out my childhood atlas there,  
Wipe years of dust from off its face,  
Find me an old discarded chair,  
Then with the volume on my knees,  
I chart my course across the seas.

And none my restless ways may still,  
I roam the ocean as I will.  
I climb the hills of ancient Rome,  
I linger long in far Ophir.  
(From China send a postcard home,  
"We sail at twelve—wish you were here.")  
Hong-Kong, Rangoon, and Mandalay,  
I stop at each upon my way.

But when the sunset fires burn  
I hoist my flag and homeward turn,  
The evening star shines as my guide  
And ere it sets within the west  
I sail in with the rising tide.  
—And must I tell you all the rest?  
The seas recede, my dreams have flown,  
And in the dusk I sit alone.

—Phyllis Hussey.

## A WINTER NIGHT

A thin moon disc is riding o'er the clouds,  
That shroud the stars in ghastly darkened glow.  
The hills lie silent—white, but for the pines,  
That tower dark against the drifts of snow.

Below the hills a lonely homestead lies,  
Puny, incongruous—nestling 'neath the slope.  
Its feeble lamp scarce lights the clearing small,  
Much less the prairies vast—the land of hope.

The cattle drowse in stacks of straw piled high,  
A trapper is returning from his lines,  
His racquets skim across the homeward trail—  
A snowstorm coming soon by all the signs.

The wind is mute—the land is silent, still,  
But far the lone wolf howling to the moon.  
And answering, the distant coyote's cry  
A rabbit scuttles, shades into the gloom.

A drama on a stage so vast and clean!  
The very air is filled with verve and zest.  
The snowflakes fall—now soft, now thick and fast.  
A Winter's night in Canada's Northwest.

—Marion M. McLeod.

## LAUGHING WATERS

Waters, laughing waters, O,  
I watch you trickle down,  
Gaily dancing as you go,  
O'er fields of green and brown.

Waters, laughing waters, O,  
Gazing in your deeps,  
A joy comes stealing, stealing  
Into my heart it creeps.

Waters, laughing waters, O,  
Your swirling, azure pool  
Puts a query, as you go,  
To me, from nature's school.

Waters, laughing waters, O,  
I wonder may I play a part  
In bringing gladness as I go  
Like you, laughing waters, O?—Enid Beaumont.

## FRAGMENT

What does life hold for me?  
That shall I wait and see:  
Delve I not overmuch  
Into the future.  
That which shall come to touch  
Upon my being—  
I shall consider such  
Sent for my seeing  
That I never may change  
Destiny. I shall but range.  
Through life as meant for me—  
I shall not know  
That which will come to pass—  
I shall but see  
Life as I come to it, careless and free,  
And as the days march by  
Swiftly or slow,  
I will not longing cry  
For that which will come.  
But I shall gaily go  
Onwards, nor pause  
To strain a glimpse forward,  
Nor question the cause,  
The why and the wherefore,  
Of what was before.

—Charlotte Webb.

## WINTER MOODS

Winter in the moonlight!  
Air so frosty clear—  
Crusty, sparkling snowdrifts—  
Not a sound I hear.  
Bright and shining star-eyes  
In the heavens glow,  
Rivalled in their brightness  
By diamonds on the snow!

Winter in the twilight—  
Hoarfrost on the trees;  
Evening sky all radiant—  
Not a breath of breeze.  
Distant laughter ringing  
High and sweet and clear;  
Nature still and sleeping—  
As slowly fades the year.

Winter in the sunlight!  
Skies are cool and blue;  
'Spite of snow and freezing  
Jolly Sol smiles through!  
Bustle in the barnyard,  
Laughter in the house!  
Show'rs of hoarfrost sifting  
From the swinging boughs.

—Edna Hanson.

## AFTER TWILIGHT

One evening, as twilight deepened,  
I sat on the crest of a hill,  
The valley was plunged in darkness  
And all around was still.  
The full moon rose in splendor  
Making the ridges bright,  
And, gaining the height of the heavens,  
It flooded the valley with light.

Then, far away down the valley,  
A coyote howled at the moon,  
I knew by his mournful wailing  
That others would answer soon.  
The valley seemed to awaken,  
A meadow lark's note came clear,  
The hoot of a night-owl from the trees  
Came distinctly to my ear.

The fragrance of flowers was wafted  
By on an easterly breeze,  
And a rustling filled the valley  
As the wind stirred in the trees.  
I sighed as I started downward.  
From my seat on the crest of the hill,  
The white moon passed behind a cloud,  
Again, the valley was dark and still.

—Ethroe Francis.

## THE STORY OF MAN

Mine is a story almost as old as the world;  
Brother to nebulous worlds and wedded to life—  
Will o' the wisp on the marsh was a tremulous I;  
Then over the meadows I danced in a whirl of discontent  
And yielded myself to the scarlet passion of flowers,  
The rhythms of wilful winds and the throb of the rain.  
But when an eternity passed I longed—and longing grew  
To forsake the leaves and the dankness of forest hollows,  
So when the fingers of ocean drummed a song on the shore  
They drew me down to their depths where the waters yield  
To the thrust of the silver head and the fluctuant fin.  
I ranged the seas of the world but yearned at length for the sun,  
After an aeon was flown. The blood of the beast was mine.  
Till after a thousand deaths and a thousand births.  
I walked among men who were shackled to hunger and thirst,  
And only we who were strong in sinew could live.

\* \* \* \*

I awoke in the depth of night when the trees were mute  
And in the breathless hour I died and was born to fear.  
The pain of the moment tore me away from the old,  
And I grovelled in earth in fear of the unknown one.  
We built him an altar, and splashed it with hot, red blood,  
While chanting a song to his image of stone and wood.  
Now when the wind had his will with the quivering leaves  
Or the fires of dark were ablaze, I heard the voice  
And saw the hand of the spirit greater than I.  
My tongue attempted to speak as the wind or the brook  
So the One would know what I cried,  
While my fellows pointed and said, "He is the singing one  
And he speaks of a Beauty that dwells beyond our eyes."

\* \* \* \*

And now I am one who writes of himself;  
Though young I am almost as old as the earth,  
I will eventually die and live again,  
But I have hope that I will be tempered by Truth's own pain  
Until I am stripped of the mortal—when I shall stand  
In the naked whiteness of Beauty, like rare music  
Vibrant with ecstasy, a part of the song  
Of the earth, and air, and the star—who were first my kin.

—Mark McKay.